

DRAMATIC MIRROR

AND

LITERARY COMPANION.

DEVOTED TO THE STAGE AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY JAMES REES.]

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Tyrone Power

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
TYRONE POWER, ESQ.
"Erin go Bragh."

It is with more than ordinary pleasure we sketch the life of the above popular actor, who is in public and private equally estimable; for such qualities combined, and a degree of respectability to a profession, too often maligned by its enemies, and degraded by the members of it, from improvidence, and a proneness to associate with those who neither in station nor intellect are their equals, but who flatter their vanity for the sake of their company. If the followers of Thespis would unite in their endeavors to raise their art in the public's eye, which is ever upon them, by a rectitude of conduct, and a studious avoidance of the many temptations to err, incident to their calling, they would render it among the most honoured, as it is one of the most delightful of professions. —Mr. Power was born in the county of Waterford, Ireland, on November 2d, 1798. His first dramatic essay was at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, 1815, as *Alonzo*, in Sheridan's play of "*Pizarro*." He was afterwards united to the third daughter of the late John Gilbert, Esq., of that town, by whom he had seven children. From the Newport company he went to Margate, and after figuring there in the leading parts of tragedy and comedy for a season, joined the Dublin corps, and opened in the opposite characters of *Romeo* and *Jeremy Diddler*, under the stage management of Mr. W. Farnen. His success was equal to his hopes, but the treasury of the Dublin theatre not being at this period in the most solvent condition, at the close of the season he withdrew his services,

and went to aid De Camp, the then lord and master of the Newcastle Stage. In 1818 he retired from the scene until 1822, when he appeared at the Olympic, of which theatre, we believe he was the stage-manager. Mr. Arnold then secured his services for the English Opera-House, where he began to make Irish character his study, which line has been a source of profit to himself and his employers, and of amusement to the public, he being the only competent representative of the various peculiarities of our brethren of the sister kingdom now on the stage. The Adelphi next became his scene of action, and his increasing fame led to his being engaged at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, where he made a most successful debut as *Rolando* in the "*Honey Moon*," a character somewhat away from his present style, though we are inclined to think, if he would present his claims to the town in high comedy, he would be found to be the best representative of that line of acting we have had since the days of Mr. Elliston and Mr. Charles Kemble. His first original part in the major establishment was *O'Shocknessy*, in Mr. Peake's highly popular farce of the "*1001 Note*." This at once established him, and all fears for the future were at an end. In 1833, he paid our American friends a visit, where he remained two years reaping a golden harvest—proving himself to be the most attractive star that had hitherto crossed the Atlantic. On his return to England, he performed at Covent Garden; then went to Dublin, and gave mortal offence "to the boys," by refusing respectfully, but firmly, in conformity with the rules of the theatre, the call of the gods for "*The Groves of Blarney*," it not being announced in the bills; rightly feeling it would be a precedent for all kinds of infringement on the discipline requisite for the decorous conduct of the drama. However, an Irishman's rage is not of long duration, as was "proven" upon Mr. Power's recent visit to the aforesaid capital; for he was most triumphantly welcomed, and at the end of the play, after alluding to the circumstance, neatly said,—"The expression of your anger at parting was most painful to me, but it must have been still more so, before it could have obliterated the recollection of the many kind greetings I have received from you." After a year in England, he again progressed to America, and had the misfortune, in March, 1827, whilst riding by night through a broken road in the state of Virginia, to get a bad fall. The horse in endeavouring to extricate himself struck Mr. Power so violently as to break his collar-bone, and otherwise seriously injure him. In this state he was compelled to continue his ride twelve miles to Richmond, where he experienced great care and kindness. On his return last summer, he accepted an engagement at the Haymarket; and the receipts were considerably more on his nights, unaided by novelty in the way of pieces, than they were to the performance of any other star during the season. Mr. Power next became a "*Power of attraction*," to use Mr. Yates' play bill phraseology, at the Adelphi; in "*Rory O'More*," which was acted every night during the three months of his engagement. He returned to the Haymarket for a few nights after Christmas, and appeared to great advantage, not only

as an actor, but as a vocalist, in the new farce of "*Confounded Foreigners*." During the first three or four years of Mr. Power's London probation, he had to endure some annoyance from the irregularities of a person bearing the same name, who was acting little parts at Covent Garden theatre in 1819, and whose after-course appears to have been somewhat erratic. For this person Mr. Power was once or twice arrested, often threatened with exposure in letters from all parts of the kingdom, visited by three or four deserted wives and helpless children, seeking after his *Lothario* of a namesake, &c., &c. This nuisance has of late years, somewhat abated, yet very recently he was reminded of the career of the *soi-distant* Mr. Power. Independently of acting, Mr. Power has attained considerable fame as an author; has contributed to Blackwood and other Magazines; whilst his novels of "*The Lost Heir*," and "*The King's Secret*," and his "*Impressions of America*," may be classed among the standard works of the day; and his comedies of "*Etiquette*," and "*Married Lovers*," his historical drama of "*St. Patrick's Eve*," and his farce of "*Paddy Carey*," have been deservedly successful, and have all the merit of being original at least, which in these days of translation is a consideration.

About Mr. Power's personation of his countrymen there is an easy jocularity, a beautiful confidence that is not alloyed with the pertness of mere impudence; a lawlessness of humour, that we see in private life every day, but that we never saw upon the stage before. Whatever the low Irish may be, it is a fact that the moment their trotters are transferred from the green sod to the "cold stones," they lose that respect for rank that is said to be inherent in them. An Irishman treat every one as his friend, and is as familiar with a duke as a dustman, and while he does this he is perfectly unconscious of taking any liberty at all; it is this characteristic that Mr. Power so ably develops.

Mr. Power visited America again in 1839. He was emphatically the best *card* the manager could play. A favourite in every city and town, both on and off the stage, the very name was a sufficient power of attraction without, the necessity of re-orting to the puffing system, a system which is only pursued by those whose talents are of the mediocre order.

After playing various engagements with distinguished success, Mr. Power sailed from New York in the steam ship, *President*, for Liverpool, on the 21st of March, 1841; it is supposed she encountered an iceberg, and went down with all on board, for not a soul has ever been heard of, or a particle of the unfortunate boat been discovered floating on the ocean. This melancholy event cast a gloom over both hemispheres, and the subject of this sketch being a public man, identified with the drama, and its pleasing associations is mourned by its votaries, and will be remembered when "other and brighter things shall have passed away."

Mr. Power was about five feet eight inches in height, his hair and complexion both light, his eyes blue, figure remarkably good, though formed upon the Herculean rather than the Belvidere model.

From the Lady's Amaranth.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS,

Or Killings from my Port Folio.

BY F. HAROLD DUFFEE.

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long, be my heart with such memories fill'd
Like the vase in which roses have once been dis-
till'd
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

T. Moore.

GEO. D. PRENTICE.

With the gifted and witty Editor of the Louisville Journal, I became acquainted in the year of 1837. At which period I was visiting the "Western Country," and had written during my journey, a description of the prairies, Indian-Mounds, and those majestic streams, the Ohio and Mississippi. The gentleman to whom I was indebted for the introduction had apprized Mr. Prentice of this circumstance and I felt gratified in hearing him bestow some praise upon my humble performance; portions of which he even recited. I was agreeably disappointed in his personal appearance, as rumour had represented him "very ugly and dissipated" which is certainly not the case. In height about five feet nine inches, inclining to be stout, but well proportioned—and were it not for a slightly swollen cheek, that detracts from the regularity of his features I would pronounce him "a marvellous proper man."

Upon being introduced to him I observed that while listening attentively to all which was spoken, he kept his eyes rivetted on the ground, occasionally looking up and at you disclosing a pair of small black ones of preternatural brilliancy.

The place of our interview was at his "reading room," in the centre of which he has his table and *escritoire*, where those pun-gent articles are written amidst the din of all who visit the office. Upon expressing my surprise to him, that so much interruption did not impede the current of his ideas, he humorously replied, that "like Paddy with hanging, he had become used to it, and habit was second nature."

I was very much pleased with his manners which were of the most winning nature—gentle and urbane! It afforded me considerable interest during my sojourn at Louisville to pay him an occasional visit and listen to his fine colloquial powers, at times sparkling with the happiest sallies of wit and eloquence! And now when distance has separated us and time elapsed it is pleasant to remember those social moments. Methinks I see him still seated at his table and penning with left hand in a small delicate penmanship, those satirical squibs which have rankled in the bosoms of the individuals at whom they were levelled. You must not infer from this that he is left handed in the general acceptance of the term; on the contrary, it is owing to a paralysis of the right arm, which compels him to use the other; preventing him on a well known occasion from meeting an antagonist in a duel. The *affaire* as I understood it, originated from one of his caustic articles, imparting so much offence that nothing but "deadly satisfaction could pacify his irritated foe!" A correspondence grew out of the business, in the progress of which Prentice declined pistols as he could not hold that weapon from the paralysis of the hand just mentioned, but in order as he thought to meet his adversary upon a fairer footing, offered to substitute a rifle, at some seventy or eighty yards with "a rest" to guide his aim.

This proposition the other party declined and with reasonable objection as he was *near sighted*, but warned Prentice that he would "shoot him down" upon the first opportunity.

Prentice and his associate-partner, Mr. Weissinger, were visiting the post office some

short time subsequent to this threat, and just as they were returning to their office, Mr. Weissinger observed the enemy approaching, who came up rapidly and exclaimed—"take care of yourself or you are a dead man," and discharged the contents of a pistol at Prentice. Mr. Weissinger had whirled his partner around so as to avert the direction of the ball, but it grazed his side notwithstanding and caused the blood to flow profusely. Prentice, undaunted, collared the miscreant and hurled him to the ground, when a large crowd assembled who were loud in their endeavors to persuade him to take the life of his prostrate foe! Bowie knives and dirks of every description were thrown in his way so that he might accomplish the deed, if magnanimity had not prevailed over the resentment of his bosom! After severely reprimanding him for his dastardly conduct, Prentice suffered him to arise without any other injury than that of a severe choking which served to cool his murderous intention. The crowd raised Prentice upon their shoulders whom they carried in a triumphal procession around the city, and finally tendered him a public dinner to manifest their sincere attachment and appreciation of his talents. The cowardly wretch, who had thus aimed a blow at the life of Prentice, was pursued by a portion of the assemblage, and would have been lynched on the spot had he not sought the protection of a neighboring house. Thus ended an affair which elevated Prentice to a conspicuous *niche* in the estimation of the citizens of Louisville.

I never knew one more industrious than Prentice—early and late have I found him in his office, deeply immersed in the politics of the day, and rapping his political opponent Penn, over the knuckles with those irresistible pleasantries, which are extensively circulated for their genuine wit. Every lover of literature must, however, sincerely regret that he does not hold converse with the Muses oftener, for a better poet does not exist in America! His effusions bear the impress of genius and are destined to a bright page upon the imperishable scroll of fame.

Like "angel's visits few and far between" the splendid imagings of his rich intellect meet our attention—the following, entitled, "New England" was written for the occasion of a celebration in Kentucky, of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth and is a grateful tribute to the place of his nativity.

Clime of the brave! the high heart's home!

Laved by the wild and stormy sea!

Thy children, in this far off land,

Devote, to-day, their hearts to thee:

Our thoughts, despite of space and time,

To-day are in our native clime,

Where passed our sinless years, and where

Our infant heads first bowed in prayer.

Stern land! we love thy woods and rocks,

Thy rushing streams, thy winter glooms,

And memory, like a pilgrim gray,

Kneels at thy temples and thy tombs:

The thoughts of these, where'er we dwell,

Come o'er us like a holy spell,

A star to light our path of tears,

A rainbow on the sky of years!

Above thy cold and rocky breast

The tempest sweeps, the night-wind wails,

But virtue, peace, and love, like birds,

Are nestled 'mid thy hills and vales;

And Glory o'er each plain and glen

Walks with thy free and iron men,

And lights her sacred beacon still

On Bennington and Bunker Hill.

Around this gifted individual several worshippers at the shrine of the Muse have gathered and through the columns of the Journal chaunt their melodious strains—amidst the bright assemblage I will select one, "the *Hermans of America*!"

AMELIA B. COPPICK.

Upon visiting the studio of Spence, an artist of some celebrity, at Louisville, my attention was directed to a portrait in the room which he informed me was that of "Amelia," the poetess of the Louisville Journal. Having perused her productions with infinite delight, I became interested in the features of one, whose soul seemed almost to dissolve itself in song, and I gazed at the "counterfeit presentment" with more than ordinary regard, which was noticed by my friend, the *limner*, who promised me an introduction forthwith. This I at once embraced and was introduced to her, the subsequent day. Shortly after our arrival at the residence of this gifted young lady, she made her appearance in the room and I was surprised at her youthful form and features, presenting one whose years did not exceed sixteen, and with a corresponding innocent and confiding address. The first interview was brief, but availing myself of a very kind invitation to call again, I paid my second visit and had the pleasure of a *tete-a-tete* with the charming youthful poetess! Our conversation became unreserved, and partook of a social and friendly character. In the course of which she informed me that the making of poetry, had been an early amusement, but never for an instant supposed that her pieces possessed any unusual merit, until Mr. Prentice noticed one of them in an album and solicited from her contributions to the Journal. This at once kindled the fire of poesy, which glowed within her bosom, for she deemed the praise of Prentice alone, sufficient to "outweigh a host of others" who had poured the incense of admiration upon her dawning intellect. As was said of Burns, the Scottish Poet, that the line of

"Spak o' loupin' o'er a linn,"

stamped him a poet had he not written any thing else; so permit me to remark that the line of "Amelia,"

"Like sudden sun-light rushing o'er a river,"

confers that of poetess upon her, despite the length and beauty of her various stanzas. It is truly astonishing in reading her poetry, to reflect upon the deep philosophy which pervades them and the almost sublime melody of her verses, for one so young! Inspiration seems to have touched her lips with its hallowed fire,—and one might well imagine,—

That angels would start in wild surprise,
To hear a voice so like their own."

The reply she made me, upon my eulogizing her splendid intellectual efforts, told of the yearnings of her soul after immortality. "Willingly," she remarked, "would I be content to die to-morrow, provided that I should be remembered always." The aspiration was glorious and a herald of the fame, which awaits her, when the voice of her melody shall go forth to the world!

I requested one of her MSS. to behold her writing, and to observe whether she corrected much, during the progress of an article; as it has been alledged that N. P. Willis frequently re-copies his articles five or six times, to model them perfectly, in his own estimation.

Kindly did "Amelia" favour me with one written at the suggestion of a youthful friend, who was in the Navy, and never were more noble sentiments dictated, than those addressed to that young officer, who should ever wear them next to his heart, as a *talisman* whenever his country calls him forth to the field of honor and glory!

I remarked to her in admiration of the beautiful penmanship, that she certainly wrote with no ordinary degree of elegance, and that it was singular, as most literary individuals wrote a bad hand. "Every thing that I do *jingles*," she playfully replied. "For my part," she continued, "I write so that compositors can read, and hence there are but few typographical errors in my articles." Moore has said—

"When I spoke of the dew-drops from fresh blown roses,
The nasty fellows made it from fresh blown noses."

In reply to the question as to the place of her nativity, she informed me that it was the Eastern shore of Maryland,—within sight and hearing of the deep blue ocean. In her own sweet language,

For 'twas upon the dewy sod,
Beside the moaning seas,
I learned at first to worship God,
And sing such strains as these.

The annexed beautiful stanzas, "On seeing an infant sleeping on its mother's bosom," are from her fertile and touching pen.—

It lay upon its mother's breast, a thing
Bright as a dew-drop when it first descends,
Or as the plumage of an angel's wing

Where every tint of rainbow beauty blends;
It had soft violet eyes, that 'neath each lid
Half closed upon them, like bright waters
shone,

While its small dimpled hands were slyly hid
In the warm bosom that it nestled on.

There was a beam in that young mother's
eye,

Lit by the feelings that she could not speak,
As from her lips a plaintive lullaby

Stirred the bright tresses on her infant's
cheek;

While now and then with melting heart she
pressed

Soft kisses o'er its red and smiling lips—
Lips, sweet as rose buds in fresh beauty
dressed

Ere the young murmuring bee their honey
sips.

It was a fragrant eve; the sky was full
Of burning stars, that tremulously clear

Shone on those lovely ones, while the low lull
Of falling waters fell upon the ear;

And the new moon, like a pure shell of pearl
Encircled by the blue waves of the deep,
Lay mid the fleecy clouds that love to curl

Around the stars when they their vigils
keep.

My heart grew softer as I gazed upon
That youthful mother, as she soothed to
rest,

With a low song her loved and cherished
one—

The bud of promise on her gentle breast;
For 'tis a sight that angel ones above

May stoop to gaze on from their bowers of
bliss,

When Innocence upon the breast of Love
Is cradled, in a sinful world like this.

I forgot to remark that Spence's portrait of
her, was but an indifferent likeness, as it made
her appear *matronly* when on the reverse
she has quite a youthful aspect. This I in-

formed her of, in the presence of the artist and
suggested a different position wherein the
character of her face would be better displayed.

Look for an instant at Sully's portraits and see
with what grace he invests the portraiture of a
lady! *Amelia* has a Grecian countour of coun-

tenance, and wore her hair in that style.
Whether the hint was attended to, I know
not—it would also have concealed the "*hair-*

lip" which disfigures this otherwise pretty
poetess! Previous to my departure, she dis-

played to me, her pencil and crayon drawings
of fruits and flowers, which were severally ex-

hibited from the first rough sketch, to the
elaborately finished piece. Held at a slight

distance from you, it was impossible to distin-

guish the pencilled ones from the handsome
engravings from which they were copied! She

informed me that they were the productions
of her self-taught efforts in drawing. Genius

has indeed thrown its mantle over "*Amelia*,"
and consecrated her name to immortality!

Since the above detailed visit of the writer—
her charms have taken captive the heart of a
young merchant of Louisville, and bound him

in the "silken fetters of matrimony," while
to those who can appreciate the *pun* I would

simply remark in conclusion—She will soon
be known as "*Well-by*" another name!

JAMES B. MARSHALL.

Birney Marshall: as he is more familiarly
named, edits the Louisville City Gazette and
I recall with the most pleasing emotions, my
acquaintance with him for he is in every sense
of the word, "one of Nature's own nobility." Generous hearted and replete with all that constitutes an accomplished gentleman, I have always deemed the introduction to him, and the mutual friendship which ensued, as one of the most truly fortunate incidents in my career! Endowed as he is with a large share of mirthfulness, it renders his company interesting in an eminent degree, to all who are fond of, and can estimate the force of a joke! Indeed, I know not another individual who possesses the social qualities in so truly a fascinating manner. "*Birney*" is also well known to the gay and fashionable young men of Louisville—youthful himself, he assumes not "the gravity of office," but is always the same frank, generous, and confiding character. In personal appearance there is much to prepossess one in his favor, and by some he would be termed handsome. The impression left upon my memory is that of having associated with an unusually interesting individual, whose intellect and heart are both of a high order!

Apart from these reflections, the literary productions of James B. Marshall—have won him an enviable reputation as a writer, and of whom honorable mention is made in the recent history of the literature of the West. He was connected with Mr. Gallagher in Editing the "*Western Monthly Magazine*," a periodical which was sustained during its brief existence with signal ability, but failed through the usual cause, apathy on the part of Americans to encourage the products of their own clime.

The importation of foreign literature has indeed been a serious drawback on the successful prosecution of literary undertakings, in this country, and it is to be sincerely regretted, that the *mist* has not been dispelled from the eyes of "the natives," as they are facetiously nicknamed by our European brethren!

"*Birney*" embarked with an ardent feeling of enterprise, in this Magazine, and appeared to have truly at heart, the literary character of the West—but was doomed, alas! to disappointment, and if I mistake not, regards the whole affair now, in quite a philosophical mood! Be it so, or not there were several Essays from his pen, in the numbers which appeared, that will rank with the choicest productions of any magazine on either side of the Atlantic!

His style of composition reminds you continually of the delightful pages of *Howitt*—filled with the quiet imagery, which constitutes that eminent writer's chief excellence, calming every turbulent passion of the human heart and inviting it to a mild, and refreshing repose!

The merit of several of these interesting articles, has induced their transfer to the columns of most every paper in the Union, and one editor, in particular, I remember most earnestly desired him "to vex no longer his fine imaginative brain, with the strife of politics, but to give the world a few more of those exquisite *morceaux*," which they were then presenting to their readers!

When I parted from "*Birney*" at Louisville he was still at the *tripod*, engaged in dishing up editorial for the numerous readers of the Gazette, and soothe to say he has all the indolence said to belong to genius.—Frequently have we taken a stroll together around town while his compositor was seeking him in every direction for "more copy," which was prepared instantly, whenever he found "*Birney*," whose ideas, were as rapid as his swift-gliding pen!

I had also the pleasure of perusing his Scrap Book of original articles in which the early flights of his fancy, evince a profound love of the beauties of nature! There too were the offerings of the youthful Poet, and true to

his native soil, "the dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky is pictured with enchanting loveliness!

Her blue hills and verdant valleys—her silvery streams, and ancient wood-lands, are invested with a deep interest in the productions of her noble hearted and gifted son! Peace be with thee and thine, generous "*Birney*," and may your future path through life be ever illumined with sun-light and joy.

[The authorship of the following prize address is attributed without contradiction to the Rev. John Pierpont. It was written for the opening of the Tremont theatre, and recited on that occasion by Mr. Blake. The charge of writing for the stage, and the defence of the drama, was brought against the reverend gentleman, in conjunction with several others of an equally heinous character, such as making razor strops for his own use and that of his friends, and other horrible acts of a similar nature, all of which were calculated to benefit mankind, as well as to amuse the leisure hours of the man of religious persecution. The address was spoken well of at the time; the only interest that can be attached to it now is what the recent persecution, and subsequent controversy between the pastor and his congregation, have given it.]

Friends of the Stage! whose brilliant ranks to-night

Burst on our view in loveliness and light,
The Drama comes before you with her cause,

And asks your ear—she dares not ask applause,
But she *does* crave your smile upon her train,

Herself, her priests, and this her virgin fame.
Friends of the Stage—and friends of Virtue

too,
The suppliant Drama brings her suit to you.

Long has she borne reproach;—for though her brow

Of old was luminous, and burns e'en now
With Heaven's own fire—the intense and hal-

lowed flame,
That Genius kindles round a deathless name—

We hear her still denounced as Virtue's foe;
Still round her shrine is muttered many a woe;

Still, at her name the superstitious sigh,
The grave look graver as she passes by;

The bigot's ban on all her priesthood falls,
And pulpit thunders shake her temple walls.

Has, then, the Stage become a battle-plain,
Where Honor bleeds, and Innocence is slain?

Where Lust lies gorged, and on whose reeking pale

Birds of ill-omen sit, and snuff the tainted gale?
Grant for a moment,—*what is yet denied*,

Grant that, in this, the Stage is not belied;
Grant that its scenes are those of sin and

shame—
Whose is the fault?—and where shall fall the

blame?
Rests it with those old Bards whose "Muse of

fire"
Hath strung and waked the everlasting lyre;

Who gave to Tragedy her poisoned bowl,
And with it empire o'er the human soul?—

Rests it with him, who, with heroic airs,
The plume, the bonnet, or the buskin wears,

Whose only hope, as Bashaw, or as Don,
Is "bread to eat, and raiment to put on!"

Or must it fall, at least, in part, on those
Who on the Stage pour out their vial'd woes,

Then trumpet it, with all its purest scenes,
As the fit haunt of vagabonds and queens;

Ye wise, ye fair ones, we appeal to you;
Whose were the fault, were all this scandal

true?
Tell me; ye sternly just, which is the worse,

He who inflicts, or he who bears a curse?
And tell me—who can with the righteous stand,

When all the righteous join to drive him from
their band?

Who can be valiant, on whose head are poured
By all the brave, "The dastard!"—"craven!"
"coward!"

Who honest,—when he hears in very street,
The whispered "Swindler!" and the bolden
"cheat!"

Which of your daughters,—tell me ye, who
throw

Your poison'd shafts, and seem so well to know
The "Road to Ruin,"—which of all the fair
And stainless ones of your parental care,
Had parents cursed, had sisters shunned, or
shamed,

And brothers named her as the lost are named,
Would now have sat, thus honored at your side,
A blooming maiden, or a happy bride?

The kindest cur that bounds along your streets
And wags his tail at every child he meets,
Let mobs pursue, let sticks and stones assail,
And let "Mad dog!" behind him load the gale;
Round every corner let the rabble swell,
In every alley let him hear the yell,
And let him find no hospitable door,—
He must go mad, "that was not so before."

O, were the Stage as pure as Dian's fane,
When pearled with dew, and washed with ver-
nal rain,

Let honest zealots call it Belial's throne,
Let pulpits fulminate, let presses groan,
Their woes and warnings—and what need they
more

To cause the curse they piously deplore!

Then at the Drama's pomp, her stole, her veil,
Let not the serious frown, the righteous rail;
But let them come at evening's sober hour,
And prove her pathos, and confess her power;
Nor let them tremble as her courts they tread,
Lest sin among them, show her shameless head,
Sin is not shameless; for, though Satan still
Goes to and fro on earth, intent on ill,
Though on his brow—with many a thunder-
scar,

Rugged and seamed—"the bright and morn-
star"

Burns as it burned of old, he dares not now,
Among the Sons of God, that Godless brow,
Unveil, and hold unblushingly a place
With angels, and the "ministers of grace."
Let then—the good, the graceful and the grave,
The wise, the pure the beautiful, the brave,
The reverend even—to this proud temple turn,
And judge the Drama from her "words that
burn."

Let them, her Censors in the Boxes sit,
Rush to the Rows, and pour into the Pit.
Let them applaud aloud, aloud condemn,
And Rows, Pit, Boxes, will be left to them;
Each boding bird, unfed, will sail away,
In outer darkness to pursue her prey,
While all the sons and daughters of the light,
Wrapt by the Drama's spell, shall cheer her, as
to-night.

To such, this night, her doors are open flung;
On such, her priests their proudest hopes have
hung:—

Hopes—that they, here, the soul may wake
and warm,

The good encourage, and the bad reform;—
Hopes—that within these wide and towering
walls

(On which Heaven's boon—the rain and sun-
shine falls,

As on the church-roof it falls the while,)
It may be theirs "to share the good man's
smile;"

And hopes—that Beauty may with grace re-
gard,

The mortal actor as the immortal Bard,
And the same largess on the living shed,
That she has showered for ages on the dead—
That witching smile that has forever played
Around the lips of matron and of maid:
And that more treasured tribute, that repays
All labor and all love;—that singly sways
Man's passion's in the strength of their career,
And bows him to the earth—a woman's tear.
Ye fair ones, and ye wise, to virtue true,
A smile, a tear,—the meed to Genius due—
Is all the Drama hopes—is all she asks of you.

DRAMATIC MIRROR, AND LITERARY COMPANION.

Saturday Morning, September 18th, 1841.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication, "X," is respectfully de-
clined.

To the question asked by "O. N." we an-
swer NO.

"Brutus" is under consideration.

"Truth," according to an existing law
would be a libel.

"Clito's" long eulogium on Mr. Conner's
Dr. Pangloss, is labor lost. Mr. C. has mis-
taken the character of the Doctor, and "Clito"
has lost sight of this all important fact.

"Rookwood's" criticism on Rookwood is no
criticism at all. The piece is but patchwork
from a romance, and certainly covers a multi-
tude of sins, which the author of the work in
question has already been punished for, at a
higher tribunal—viz: The British Reviewers.

"Queerbody" has no soul for poetry, or he
would not condemn the dancing of Elssler.

"W." asks where is Jackson Gray? We
answer dead! We shall shortly publish a
Biography of Old Gray. He died in Lancas-
ter county, sometime in the year '37; he was
a Pennsylvanian by birth, and died among his
friends.

THE ACTOR.

There exists among a portion of the theat-
rical public a want of feeling for the actor; a
proper consideration for his situation, and a re-
spect for the peculiar position in which he is
placed to their view. It may, and very prob-
ably does appear to them, at first sight, that an
actor is a happy man, when in fact he is a very
miserable one; an intimate acquaintance with
a few individuals of the profession for years
and their peculiar habits satisfy us, that there
are many of them very susceptible, and as dis-
contented a class of men as we ever met, or
associated with. There are various causes tend-
ing to produce this effect upon actors. They
embark upon a dangerous sea, the placid waters
of public favor for a while carry them on, but
the clouds of disapprobation may gather over
them, and the tempest of popular fury upset
their frail bark, and all is lost.

The present state of the drama, and the very
low ebb to which the treasury department is
reduced render the situation of an actor critical,
and his prospects at all times precarious; this
weighs heavily on the man who has a family
dependant upon him for support; for them he
labors the public to please, and it often hap-
pens that the most deserving are the first vic-
tims to a manager's unfortunate speculations,
as well as the caprices of an audience, a por-
tion of whom may take a dislike to him, and
thus he becomes their victim. They who in-
flict this mental torture on an actor by hissing
and ridiculing him, little think of his feelings.
Could they follow him into the green-room, and
read the agony depicted on his countenance:
could they see the curling lip, and hear the
sneering remarks of some favored few upon
his misfortunes, for such indeed they are, we
feel assured that this infiction would have been
spared him.

For them he devotes days to study; to win
their good opinion he sets by the midnight-lamp,
planning and conning o'er the means of pleasing,
he in fact becomes their slave. Then when
he appears before them glowing with the excite-
ment of study, heart swelling high with proud
ambition, and finds a cold, cheerless welcome,
a murmur of disapprobation, his soul sickens,
he returns to his home, a melancholy wretched
man, and as he lays his head upon his humble
pillow, the big tear finds its way down his pal-
lid cheek, and in the silence and loneliness of
night, he weeps. *Reader, this picture is true,
I know the original.*

We speak of the actor, the man of genius,
the sensitive man, not the upstart pretender.
We speak of such men as Edwin, who was
hunted to his death by the audience hissing
him nightly. We allude to such as the unfor-
tunate Fullerton, who sought for peace beneath
the water of our own Delaware. Such are a
few of the miseries the poor actor feels beneath
the unsparing, the withering simoon of public
displeasure, and can that man be called happy
whose sole dependence is on the success of the
manager, and the hope of winning, and wear-
ing public favor? The actor looks to the press
for notice, not insult; he looks to the critic for
lessons and advice, not abuse; he feels proud
if noticed, sensible for the kindness in pointing
out error, and a determination on his part to
improve, if the hints are considered worthy,
and bear upon their front the "pencilled mes-
sengers of truth." This is the guardianship of
the stage; these are the objects of criticism,
and in the language of a celebrated French,
critic—

"Aimez qu'on vous corrige, et non pas qu'on vous
loue."

The purpose of the drama has been and ever
will be

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold."

"The actor is a being peculiarly constructed.
The theatre is his world, and he breathes an
atmosphere created for his peculiar use. He
differs from his fellow men in every possible
way—his very looks belong to himself alone,
and his manner, speech, and wants, appear
formed upon principles equally at variance from
common life. His pursuits and amusements—
his virtues and vices, are of a different nature
compared to those sought after by, or belonging
to, any other class of society. His existence
may with much truth be termed an artificial
one, created by circumstances as extraordinary
as the being who lives by their aid.

No sooner has he become inoculated with
the dramatic ardor, than he shuffles off his
former common-place customs, and imbibes
new ones that give a tone which is peculiar to
the profession—he becomes completely altered
in his demeanor, and eats, drinks, and sleeps,
not as he was wont to do; but after a fashion
belonging solely to the members of the art;
for it is an art, because it requires both skill
and application to arrive at any degree of ex-
cellence. His mind is enlarged, and expands
in exact proportion to the love he has for his
calling, and the desire he possesses to rise to
eminence—his retentive power increases with
his studies, his imagination becomes pure—

and though from physical defects, he may not be able to execute equal to his conception—yet he may surmount to a certain extent every difficulty by treating it as a science—and that it is a science, is evident from its being founded upon certain principles of knowledge.

Thus, the actor, by his attainments, (superficial if you like,) becomes of some consequence and as a larger or lesser star shines in the dramatic hemisphere, and is consequently admired according to his brilliancy. In his own element he knows, and keeps his place—it is true, he may aspire to a higher station, but from the regularity of the system he patiently awaits the proper time, and the development of his genius. In the world at large his society is courted, and he is all times an object of wonder and admiration. As in his own world, he lives upon applause; he may be excused, considering the weakness of human nature—if his vanity is sometimes fed, when he mixes with beings who treat him, not as one of themselves, but as a superior being. If he becomes improvident, it is his own fault, but too often his benefactors make him so—in fact, he owes his follies to the public who pamper him while his good qualities are his own. The actor's chief crime is poverty, he is, in his nature, benevolent and just—his profession teaches him morality, and makes him acquainted with himself; for 'the best study of mankind is man,' and as the stage is, as it were, 'to hold the mirror up to nature,' there is no better school in which he can learn. A modern writer speaking of the play of Hamlet, says, 'That it abounds in moral sentiments, in just and elevated views of man, and of that providence which sustains guides and protects him from the cradle to the grave!' There are those who fancy that the actor struts about the stage for mere show or gain, or to please his idle vanity—Not so—the actor who devotes his time to the noble study of dramatic literature—who labors years, and suffers insult as gross, and as mean as it is undeserving, has other objects in view, than the gratification of his mere pride—'tis for the improvement of mankind, by the intelligence, morality, and sacred love of right that his profession is so well calculated to inspire and bestow; of that, he may indeed well be proud!

The actor (with the exception of a few who attain to eminence and are rated as stars) is about the worst paid being in existence—he is ever expected to appear as a gentleman to associate with gentlemen, and to live like a gentleman, when his income will barely provide him with the common necessities of life. Yet, still he is contented, and the fond hope of "another and a better" engagement lures him on. One wife, six children, three pieces of candle, and "eight dollars a week," has been the lot of many a hero of the sock and buskin, who ultimately has gone to the theatre in his own carriage, and become the idol of the public. While others—perchance of equal merit, but not equally fortunate, have died poor, and broken hearted. Such has been—is—and ever will be the actor's fate?

"Our life's a play, a tragi-comic scene,
Where acts of joy, and sorrow intervene;
In varied parts, each character appears,
And shifts the scenes of short revolving years.
Some act in higher stations than the rest,
But God observes who acts his part the best;
He, the great judge, the final fate decrees,
Applauds or damns them in the afterpiece.

When Death, as prompter bids the curtain fall,
And one catastrophe concludes it all.
Of Kings and beggars, cottagers and Queens
None can claim preference behind the scenes.
Act well your part, and sure is your reward:
Repine not if another be preferred
To act above you in this scenic age,
And will be equal when we're off the Stage.

NOTICE.

"Another Richmond in the field."

We are compelled in regard to ourselves, and Mr. James Rees of New York, to state to the readers of "The Dramatic Mirror," that from a similarity of patronymic and baptismal, many have been induced to associate our respective productions with the individual name; whereas, there are two candidates for these "blushing honors!" and though the name of James Rees has not been quite so prolific as that of John Smith, still it has engendered its like; and we are too honorable (be it modestly spoken) to prevent this fact from being made known to the public, as we should thereby do an act of manifest injustice to "our namesake," whose labors in the field of literature have been attended with a golden harvest, into which we would not so selfishly thrust our unworthy sickle.

Be it therefore known to our patrons, that James Rees of New York, and James Rees of Philadelphia, like Dromio of Syracuse, and Dromio of Ephesus, are two distinct individuals and are not bound to take responsibility of each others acts; but if ever the sage advice of the "old man Weller" to his son "Samivel," be requisite, we trust in such an emergency it will not be difficult for either of us to "prove an alibi."

Having thus made the proper disclaimer in the commencement of our new work, we enjoin its recollection upon the readers of the "Dramatic Mirror;" for if any individual should hereafter imagine himself aggrieved, he will readily trace its source, as it is no more than probable that we shall, as is our habit—speak freely of actors, in the course of the next three volumes of this Dramatic Repository, whenever an occasion is presented. A "vermillion edict," which like that of the Chinese Emperor's having once gone forth is unalterable. Joking apart, however, we deem this explanation due to Mr. Rees of New York, whose name has, as we are informed been used in connection with this work, and we wish to bear all the brunt as well as receive all the blunt which may arise, accrue, and grow out of this indigenous production.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

We were nearly convulsed with laughter, upon hearing a "Supernumerary" giving an account of his debut at the old Circus in Walnut Street. The piece chosen for the occasion was that of the "Cataract of the Ganges," and the scene of the battle field therein, where the wounded and dead are promiscuously seen by the spectator.

It fell to our Supe's lot to enact the part of a dead hero which would have been admirably sustained (so he said,) if it had not been for a fellow who was "doing the agony" of a dying soldier, and being envious of the supe's posthumous reputation, ejected the contents of a mouth well filled with tobacco juice into his eyes. The pain of which immediately restored him, Richard-like, to "himself again;" but this not being relished by "the gallery-gods and groundlings," some of them commenced vociferating, "Send for a doctor—he is coming to life again," while others

more uncharitable exclaimed, "hand that dog a bone—give that bird a worm," with various vulgar expressions, which so incensed him that he started to his feet, and with an adroit blow prostrated his foe in the twinkling of an eye!

This scene delighted the "gods and groundlings," inasmuch as he was applauded (to use his own favourite expression,) "to the very echo;" but smarting with the pain of his "blinkers" and the previous "taunts of the vulgar throng," he walked off the stage, indignantly exclaiming with Shakspeare, in one of his bursts of impassioned eloquence—

"I pray thee peace; I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth ache patiently;
However, they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance."

From that hour the manager lost an excellent "supe," who swore he would not be a Spittoon for any circus company in the world.

PHILADELPHIA THEATRICALS.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.—The Elsler carries all before her, aristocracy, folly and wisdom. She is a splendid dancer, we said as much in our last, but is this not a delusion, a wild charm, or is it simple fashion that induces the elite to go in crowds to see her? would they go, or do they go to see a chaste and classical play? would they, do they go to witness one of Shakspeare's beautiful comedies? How many were present when Much Ado about Nothing was played? Not one of the worshippers of Fanny Elsler. Let the manager put up "Midsummer's Night Dream," that beautiful poetical production of the immortal bard, let him, we say, put that up for representation, the next night after Elsler's farewell engagement, and how many of the *heel worshippers*, will there be present? They who could beg or borrow a dollar to witness a fascinating woman's wild and exciting display of physical strength and activity, could not, as it seems, raise fifty cents to enjoy an intellectual treat. And yet it is gravely stated, that a taste for reading and literary pursuits are the reasons for the great falling off in theatrical representations. The Elsler fever is a proof of it. We have spoken highly of her as an artiste, but we must speak in still higher terms of one of Shakspeare's sterling plays.

Mr. Tasistro closed his engagement at this house, on Tuesday evening. The pieces selected were, the *Revenge* and a scene from the *Merchant of Venice*.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE.—*Valsha*, the Slave Queen.

Managers make a woful mistake when they expect pieces to draw whose chief merit consists in painted canvass, armed females, combats, etc. The public look for something more—something of an intellectual character connected with them. Moving panoramas are much better than scenery, which is frequently introduced, without the necessary appendage of plot, language and incident. Scenery is too often painted for wretched pieces; good pieces should be written for the scenery, hence the mistake of managers. *Valsha* is totally destitute of all these requisites for the scenery and machinery which were got up by the manager; it is the worst imported piece we ever witnessed, and would have been hissed

if an American name had been attached to its paternity. The rich comic humor of Burton could not save it from what it evidently was, a dead failure. It is true the 'Amazons' acquitted themselves admirably—it is also true, that Mrs Jones, and Mr. Conner were excellent; but these were not sufficient to overbalance the many heavy scenes with which the piece abounds. It may be said that a sterling comedy or a classic tragedy would not draw, may be; but are there not an hundred scenic pieces superior to *Valsha* that would?

Mr. Archer and Mr. Sherman were honored with an appendage to their names. The one a bookseller, the other a jeweller—what their vocation had to do with *the affair*, was and still is a mystery, nor would we have known their honorable calling if the bills of the play had not kindly informed us.

The plot of *Valsha* is simple:—*Valsha* is a slave of the king of Bohemia, by whom she has a son. Disappointed in becoming his consort at the death of the queen, she plans a scheme of revolt among the slaves. The king dies just about that time to oblige her, and aid her cause, which proves successful. She has the good luck to meet with a ragged wanderer by the name of Graf, (Conner) who plays an important part, and becomes by an extraordinary change, in matters and things, the executioner of *Valsha*, who having gained the crown loses it by a piece of folly, and is sent to prison, and sentence of death immediately decreed, which was that she be hurled from the castle's battlements. In the meantime, Graf, who is also confined in, a dungeon is informed of the doom which awaits *Valsha*, and at the same time a free pardon if he would undertake the task of throwing her from the battlements. He of course consents, and the ex-queen is hurled from the tower of the castle, Graf then discovers that the victim was his own mother, and he the son of Bohemian's king. As soon as he ascertains this fact, he leaps over the battlements, and yields up, as he should, his last breath by the side of his murdered parent. This is a part of the plot, and of course the main feature of the drama.

WALNUT ST. THEATRE.—Mr. Booth has been playing his round of characters at this establishment. He commenced with Richard on Saturday evening, and enacted the crooked back tyrant with unusual vigour. Mr. Booth is identified with this character, and when "in the vein," it is a treat to see him. There were portions of it on the evening named, unusually good, we were particularly pleased with the whole of the scene where he meets Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.

"A flourish, trumpets! strike alarm drums,
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women,
Hail on the Lord's Anointed! Strike, I say!"

When Stanley informs him that Richmond is on the seas—

"There let him sink, and be the seas on him."

Was given with electric effect.

"Is the chair empty? Is the sword unswayed?
Is the king dead?"

Was admirable. Our reasons for selecting out these particular passages, are because we observed either a vast improvement in Mr. Booth, or a glimmering light from the fire of other days.

Mr. Wallack improves nightly in the estimation of the audience. He is destined to shine in the firmament of the drama,

Mr. Hadaway must not conclude from our silence upon his merits that he is overlooked.

ARCH STREET THEATRE.—The melodramatic spectacle of *Rookwood*, or the Adventures of Dick Turpin, the Highwayman, has been highly successful at this theatre.

The part of Lady Rookwood, should not have been given to Mrs. Laforest. This clever actress's forte is comedy, out of which, she will certainly injure her excellent professional reputation. We have never seen her to so much disadvantage.—"Pray you reform it altogether." Laforest has made the character of Dick Turpin his own; as a graceful equestrian he is unrivalled. Peter Bradley by W. H. Smith, was a very fine piece of acting, and evinces that he possesses talents of no ordinary character. Mr. Charles, as Titus Tyreconnel, is the finest specimen of an Irishman since the days of Power. We have watched with parental care over this young gentleman's career; he has pleased us before, and our prediction has gone forth that he will ere long wear one of Thalia's brightest and most imperishable wreaths. Mrs. Charles is *au fait*, in every thing she undertakes; a versatile and accomplished actress; as Barbara, the prophetess, all that we could desire! Logan as Jerry Juniper was very good. We think, however, that Hadaway "can do the thing" much better! Harrison is too old for Luke Bradley, and performed it accordingly. Sybil by Mrs. Harrison, not equal to lady Flynn. Brunton is a favorite with us, and enacted the part of "Tom King" very cleverly. His song of "Let the toast be dear woman," was given with fine effect.

Bank Monster; or, Specie vs. Shin-plasters.

—A whimsical piece under the above title will be produced at the Arch Street Theatre, on Monday evening. It is full of wit and humour, free from political allusions, yet an excellent hit at the times. The introduction of parodies on popular songs, are truly laughable, and we think it will create quite a sensation in the *Money* market.

BALTIMORE THEATRICALS.

On Monday, the Comedy of "Money" was performed at the Front Street Theatre, to a four hundred dollar house. Thorne's performance of the part of Sir John Vesey, needs no commendation, his fame is well established in the character. Wemyss made a decided hit, and kept the audience in a constant titter by his delineation of the foppish Sir Frederick Blount; while Matthews (always good) as Graves, was excellent, it was the most finished performance of the evening. Mrs. Phillips, although not equal to Miss Cushman, played the part of Clara with great feeling, which was appreciated by the audience. Evelyn is too much for Eddy, but he acquitted himself very creditably. The Dudley Smooth of Mr. Brittingham, was execrable. Mr. Ash was not much better as Lord Glosmore; with these two exceptions, the piece was well acted. The stage appointments reflect credit on the Manager; indeed, since the recent opening of this theatre, every thing has assumed a decided change, there is no unnecessary delay between the acts, and the time of raising the curtain is scrupulously adhered to. "Money" was repeated on Tuesday and Wednesday. The farces as played now, are really agreeable; Thorne, Wemyss, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Anderson, and Miss Matthews, keeping the audience in a good humour throughout.

BOSTON THEATRICALS.

TREMONT THEATRE.—Forrest commenced an engagement at this theatre, on the 13th inst., and opened with *Othello*; on the following evening he performed *Metamora*.

The Conquest of Taranto has been produced with success at the National—Murdoch, and Mr. and Mrs. Proctor sustaining the principal characters.

NEW YORK THEATRICALS.

PARK.—Mrs. Seymour, a lady whose talents are highly spoken of, made her first appearance as Juliet on Wednesday evening. She is from Drury Lane, and Covent Garden.

Hamblin and Scott volunteered for one night—"Rule a Wife, and have a Wife," with the "Adopted child," was performed to an excellent house.

BOWERY. Mrs. Shaw and Hamblin appeared together for the first time this season, on Monday, in "Romeo and Juliet." Mrs. Shaw performed Ion, on Wednesday. A drama of great interest, with beautiful scenery, is in preparation here.

OLYMPIC. Mitchell opened his delightful little temple of the muses on Monday last, with the "Old Olympians," a new extravaganza, entitled "Bob Bang; and the new farce of "Out of Luck." The company principally consists of the old favorites of this establishment. On Wednesday, "Sam Parr," "The Humpback," and "Out of Luck."

CHATHAM.—Yankee Hill is at this house, there is not a theatre in the Union which meets with such immense success, the theatre is crowded every night, and the performances give entire satisfaction.

Thorne is an enterprising manager, and richly deserves the success he meets with.

NIBLO'S.—Mr. and Miss Wells are performing in *La Bayadere*,—Miss Jane Sloman, the Pianoist, is highly spoken of—a new piece entitled *Promotion*, has been produced.

¶ We stated in our first number that Mr. Wm. P. LARKIN of the National Theatre, would become an occasional contributor to our columns.—He has this day presented us with the first of a series of "OLD COUNTRY RAMBLES, AND REMINISCENCES," written by him, which we shall publish in our next; it will be found of more than ordinary interest, as he has performed in almost all the principal theatres of Great Britain, and Ireland, retaining memoranda embracing a variety of topics,—viz. Antiquity, topography, belle lettres, music, painting, the drama, &c. &c.

From our New York Correspondent.

PARK THEATRE.

It is now almost out of the question to meet with a fair or impartial criticism in New York, those who take up the pen for the purpose of doing these matters, evidently do not give their task consideration, or have not the necessary knowledge of the subject on which they write. The end and aim of all theatrical criticism should be to direct the public taste; to investigate closely the meaning, motives, and efforts of the actor in his laborious and difficult duties, to detect his errors and point them out to him, and to do this dispassionately and without partiality. Nor should the influence of the supper table, and the wine cup insinuate itself into an article in the next days journal, which may tend to mislead the pub-

lic, fill the object with such hyperbolic puffery, with false estimation of his own powers, and do an injury to the independent actor, who stands upon his own merits, and refrains from principles, from courting such means of forwarding interests. Such illegitimate popularity exists to a greater extent than would be credited,—and is one of the greatest evils attendant upon a profession, which should command the unbiased, and unbought notice of the most respectable and intelligent portion of the press in every enlightened country. There is no art requiring more physical and mental superiority, than that of acting. An actor is more the creature of circumstances, than any other professor; every manager, every critic, and every man who can pay his fifty cents to the pit, takes upon himself to judge of the merits of an actor, in a character of which he may never have read, nor thought upon, and to which the player has most likely devoted all the energies of his brain and heart for days, weeks, nay years.

On the subject of painting (though many affect a knowledge and a taste) the multitude are willing to admit their incapacity to judge, and if pleased will be satisfied; but all cavil at, or bespatter with praise or blame (without being able to offer a reason why) the exertions of the poor player! This is not right, for the great medium through which the works of the immortal Shakspeare, and others of the finest poets in our language, are to be viewed, ought to command our respect and admiration, and the efforts of each and all, who form a part and parcel of that medium should meet with the same impartial scrutiny and attention, which is directed to the principle. To effect this desirable end, is the duty of the critic, a duty which he owes himself, the player, and the public. It is easy to say Mr. A—played Macbeth magnificently, or Mr. B—acted Rolla infamously. Let us have the reason, it will be good for all parties, for by that means, a school for acting will be formed, giving out results satisfactory to the public, and valuable to the artist. Another great drawback, to the exertions of those engaged in the dramatic art, is the system of stars and large letters, the result of impudence and bare-faced puffery.

We were in hopes Mr. Simpson intended to do away with this humbug altogether, especially as the announcement of sterling plays enacted only by a stock people, were paying him better than all his stars. How much are we disappointed in finding, in Tuesday's bills, names, thus distinguished, which certainly bear no legitimate superiority over those in the stock. When will Mr. Simpson wake from his lethargy, and by attending to the scenery, which now presents to the eye of the spectator the most disgusting exhibitions of the greasy fingers of the scene shifters, and the scratchings of one painter upon another's scenes; and the stage appointments which are execrable, and the proper management of a good company, secure the patronage of the public, and set stars at defiance. He has had, since the theatre opened a convincing proof of what under liberal and careful management he may confidently reckon upon. Since my last communication, *Wild Oats* has been acted at this house, and Farquhar's comedy of the *Beaux Stratagem* revived. The acting of both in most parts would do infinite credit to any theatre. Browne in *Rover*, was, as he is in every thing, excellent, and blended the comic humor and pathos, of which the character is composed, most happily. Mr. Fisher's performance of Sir George Thunder, was energetic, artist-like, beautiful. We cannot express ourselves in sufficiently warm terms of praise of this gentleman's conception of the character, it was all that it should be, and in these days of humbug it is saying much. Of Miss Cushman's Lady Amaranth, we are able to speak in terms of the highest praise. The sensibilities of the woman overcoming the primness and formality of sect and education, were most delicately and beautifully developed; and her love for her "merry cousin," which was evident in word and look so chastely expressed, would not have been objectionable to the most starched and fastidious of the lovely ones in our good sister city of brotherly love.

I have lengthened this communication so far beyond my intention, that I have only room to say that the other parts were well sustained; but where was Mr. Wheatley, for Young Thunder? Does the foolish praise awarded this gentleman lead him to imagine that such characters are beneath his talent? If so, he is most sadly in error. Of the *Beaux Stratagem*, I will speak next week, it would be unfair to do so on its first representation. As it must have been new to almost all concerned. Still it was well acted, and much and deservedly applauded. I long for its repetition; as from what I saw of Browne, Barry, Fisher, and Miss Cushman, I expect a rich treat.

For the Dramatic Mirror.

THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS OF AMERICA.

I. J. K. L. M.

"The stage is true to virtue's power,
A moral breathes o'er pleasure's gayest hour."

CHARLES J. INGERSOLL is a distinguished member of the Philadelphia bar, and was at one period the District Attorney of the United States. In his nineteenth year, he produced a tragedy in five acts, entitled "*Edwy and Elgiva*," founded upon incidents in the history of England. This production was highly promising, considering the youth of the writer, and was performed with flattering success, upon the Philadelphia boards. Mrs. Merry, to whom the piece was dedicated, sustained the character of Elgiva. Mr. Ingersoll is also the author of "*Inchiquin's Letters*," a work of considerable merit, and at one time highly popular; a tragedy entitled "*Julian*," printed in 1834; and other publications. He has been in Congress, as a member from Philadelphia. As a lawyer, Mr. Ingersoll has a high standing. His reading is extensive and profound, and he possesses a shrewd, quick, and searching wit, which, joined to great skill in debate, make his bar speeches highly effective. He is a native of Philadelphia, and at present resides in it.

The former of these pieces was acted in Philadelphia in 1801. We make an extract from *Julian*, the Apostate; it is a portion of a scene in which Zopyrus, the son of Hormisdas, attempts to assassinate the Emperor Julian. He has been detected as a Persian spy, and was brought by his father to the feet of Julian to ask forgiveness.

(As ZOPYRUS and HORMISDAS rise from JULIAN'S feet, ZOPYRUS attempts to assassinate JULIAN, but is prevented by HORMISDAS, who wrests the dagger from ZOPYRUS.)

Hormisdas. Traitor and parricide! this thy gratitude?

Nay, plunge the infernal poniard in my heart Rather than his, our generous benefactor!

Jovian. Assassin! die—be mine the sword to smite

And sweep thee, monster, from the earth—die, wretch!

Sophia. Spare him! Oh, spare him! Let me stay thine arm.

Ah, let not blood of mine by thee be shed!

[As JOVIAN rushes on ZOPYRUS to kill him, SOPHIA throws herself into JOVIAN'S arms; and prevents him.]

Valentine. Then must I rid the world of such a viper.

Ishmael. Not while his faithful slave may interpose.

His naked bosom to thy murderous blows.

[ISHMAEL puts himself between VALENTINE and ZOPYRUS.]

Valentine. Fool-hardy caitiff, stand aside—avaunt!

Or I will sever thee from top to toe.

Zopyrus. Shield me not, Ishmael, I want no shelter;

But hurl defiance in these minion's teeth—
Curse on my arm that missed their tyrant's heart.

Think ye, base parasite of ill-got power,
That fear's an inmate of this unarmed breast;
Or this eye blanches when your weapons flash?
Strike, slaves, I dare you; butcher me at once,
Or send me forth to public execution;
Racked and dismembered, with my latest gasp
I will defy and curse the power of Rome.

Jovian. Demoniac murderer!

Valentine. Thus take thy doom!

[JOVIAN and VALENTINE rush together on ZOPYRUS. HORMISDAS interposes.]

Hormisdas. Not in his father's blasted sight:
hold, hold!

Till I have plucked the eyes from out my head,
And torn my heart away—My son, my son!

Zopyrus. Ye robber Romans! do your worst—ye ruffians.

I am no son of any Roman slave.

Sallust. I must bespeak forbearance, gentlemen.

Lest this assassination justify

The foul attempt at t'other—Nay, forbear.

Julian. Infuriate youth, I pardon thee once more;

Again for thy much outraged father's sake;
Go hence, a monument of Roman clemency.

Zopyrus. Tormentor of mankind,—my country's plague,

Ambition's toy, and Superstition's fool,
Fit archetype of overreached Rome,
With fame inebriate and begrimed with gore
Commenting the vainglorious pyramid
Which lifts thy iron sceptre high above
The prostrate nations trodden down by thee—
Here, to thy beard, I vow that bloody hate,
That national and everlasting hate
Which Persians with their mothers' milk im-
bibe—

Which in my bones and marrow thrills against thee.

JOHN INGHAM.—*The Times; The Usurper*, a tragedy acted in Philadelphia; at what period of time, and at what theatre this play was represented, I have been unable to ascertain.

WILLIAM JOOR.—*Battle of Eutaw Springs*, played in Charleston, 1817.

SAMUEL B. JUDAH.—*A Tale of Lexington*, acted in New York. *The Mountain Torrent*, acted in New York. *The Rose of Arragon*; we have before us a copy of this drama, printed in 1822, and dedicated to Edmund Simpson Esq. He also wrote a piece, entitled *Odofriede*.

JAMES H. KENNICOTT of New Orleans.—*Irma, or The Prediction; Metacomet, &c.* The first of these received the premium of three hundred dollars, offered by James H. Caldwell, for the best tragedy, for the opening of his new theatre, New Orleans. Printed in New York, 1830. The author died in Texas, of the prevailing sickness in the summer of 1838. Extract from the prize tragedy of *Irma*:—

Rem. I join'd my king against rebellion's tide,
That rolls to dash its waves against the rock
Of regal power, which whelms them in the contact.

Your ever restless denagogues had grown
Enamour'd of a word, and cried it out.
In secret conclaves first, then openly—
Liberty! Liberty! till vulgar mouths
Caught up the syren sound, and echo'd it,
From tavern to the pulpit—*Liberty!*

Then, not a cobweb's strength had pinion'd down

The weak wings of your freedom; but your king

Pitied the blindness of the rabble herd,
And spar'd them, till they threw allegiance off

Ash. Our demagogues! such men as Washington, As Jefferson, and Franklin are, we're proud To call the leaders of the people. The "rabble herd," thou speak'st of, have become Soldiers, as firm as any in the ranks Of England's boasted legions: they have arms, And will defend their country's liberty, Against th' oppression of tyrannic pow'r.

Rem. They rush'd into rebellion, and despair Has nerv'd them to resistance; but their strength Will wither in the grasp of England's might: And 'stead of victor laurels, chains, vile chains, Shall bind the limbs of your ambitious leaders, And blind, factious peasantry!

Act II.—Scene II.

Rem. She still is lovely:—virtuous, perhaps, Ha! virtuous! that thought I do not like: I dread to encounter that. When virtue weeps, None but a villain would attempt her harm. Conscience, begone! I've harbour'd thee too long.

What! shall I pause upon the threshold of That paradise I long have languish'd for, Because a childish qualm, the recollection Of some nursery tale, opposes me? No. She shall be mine. But, soft; she comes. By heav'n her step Speaks majesty of soul, like that By which the Trojan knew his goddess mother. Such is the soul that might have fill'd the void Within my wither'd heart. She should be mine.

The eagle pairs not with timid dove, Nor would I mate with soft and melting beauty.

Act III.—Scene III.

JOHN BLAIR LINN.—*Bourville Castle*, acted in New York. This gentleman is better known to the literary community as the author of *The Power of Genius*, a poem which has gone through repeated editions in this country and England.

SAMUEL LOW.—*The Politician Outwitted*, printed in New York, 1790.

J. LAWSON.—*Giordano*, tragedy, acted in New York.

A. B. LINDSEY.—*Love and Friendship, or Yankee Notions*.

JOHN LEACOCK.—*Disappointed*, printed in 1796, Philadelphia, played April 2d 1766.

GARDINER R. LILLIBRIDGE.—*Tuncred, or the Rightful Heir of Rochdale Castle*, printed in Rhode Island, 1824.

M.

"The Dramatic character of our country can never attain any degree of standing unless identified with its literature."

PETER MARKOE.—*The Patriotic Chief*, printed 1784. Reconciliation.

ROBERT MERRY.—*The Abbey of St. Augustine*, tragedy, acted at the Chesnut Theatre, Philadelphia. The name of Merry is identified with the stage history of Old Drury.

MILNE.—*The Comet; All in a Bustle; A Flash in the Pan*; a farce.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.—(Editor of the New York Mirror.) *Brier Cliff*, performed at the Chatham Theatre, New York, 1825; often repeated, and very successful.

J. MURDOCK.—*Triumph of Love*.

GENERAL MACOMB.—*Pontiac*, an Indian play, written for his own amusement, and played for the gratification of the United States officers, in Washington city, in the year 1833.

MISS MEDINA.—*Rienzi; Wacousta; Kairrasah; Last Days of Pompeii; Norman Leslie; The Betrothed*, a tragedy in five acts. *Al Male-detto*.

ALCHIBALD McLAREN.—*The Coup de Main*.

JAMES MCHENRY.—*The Usurper; Genius; Maid of Wyoming*. Extract from Wyoming, a tragedy in five acts:—

SCENE VI.—*Inside of an Indian Hut. Helen is sitting on a log, which is covered with furs. An aged Indian female is seated on another at some distance, watching her.*

Helen. Oh! I entreat thee, thou compassionate Power,

That canst o'er-rule the worst designs of men, Or working changes in their obdurate hearts, Turn them from their inhuman purposes; Oh! I implore thee now to interfere, And save those wretched victims from the doom That is assigned them by the savages! Oh! my poor father! Oh! great heaven protect him!

Oh! hear the prayer of his distracted daughter, And save him in this hour of desperate horror!

Enter Brandt, unseen by her; he beckons to the Indian Female, who withdraws.

Soften the barbarous hearts of our tormentors, Or by some miracle destroy their power.

Brandt. Ah! treasure of my sight! *[She rises on hearing him.]*

Wouldst thou draw down Ruin from heaven on me—on me whose heart Loves thee with such ungovernable passion? Maiden, this is ungrateful in thee; but Though I may be in wrath with all the world Besides, with thee I cannot, though thou had'st me,

And cursest me with fervid bitterness. But maiden, hear! this day thou shalt be mine, Even with thy own, and thy proud sire's consent, Although ye both once taunted me with scorn, If there be power in torment of the body, Or agony of mind, to make you yield. Maiden, consent, before I try such power.

Helen. Ye have already tried unpitifully, What pangs of mind can do to bend the will; Have ye still keener pangs in store? Inflict them:—

I'll bear them 'til my heart breaks under them; But thee, thee, I shall spurn with constant loathing.

Brandt. Ha! says't thou so? 'tis well for thee, thou'rt beautiful,

Or I would fix thee at thy father's side. Amidst the pris'ners now bound to the stake.

Helen. My father Tied to the stake! Oh! I implore thee, save him!

Brandt. Maiden, I wish to save him, but thou dost not.

Helen. I do, I do! Oh! *(she kneels to him.)* let me pray thou wilt.

Brandt. Thou know'st the terms, fair maiden.

Helen. Oh, what would'st thou?

Brandt. Have thee to wed me with thy sire's consent.

Helen. Alas! alas! thou know'st I am be-trothed.

And that I cannot, dare not break my vow.

Brandt. 'Tis useless thus to parley with thy pride,

I'll conquer it, or harrow all thy soul, Until thy brain is tortured into frenzy, Come this way, maid, and see a spectacle!

(He carries her off.)

As a literary production the *Usurper* is far superior to *Wyoming*. The Editor of the *Irish Shield*, published in 1829, compares the author to Massinger, Johnson, Addison, Maturin, &c. How far the doctor is entitled to go hand in hand with these immortal names in the paths of literary fame we leave it for others to say, we are chronicles, not critics.

HONATIO NEWTON MOORE.—*Orlando, or a Woman's Virtue*, written at the age of fifteen, a tragedy in five acts. Printed by Frederick Turner, Philadelphia, 1835. *Regicide*, in five acts.

R. C. McLELLAN.—*The Foundling, or Yankee Fidelity*. Printed by King & Baird, 1839, Performed at the Chesnut Street Theatre, the same year.

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